

DECLASSIFIED

FRIDAY
DECEMBER 31, 1954

Another beautiful day. Went marketing in Brookneal.

This afternoon, E., Sasha, David, I, and, of course, the two boys went turkey hunting. There was no sign of the quarry, although "gangs," as they are locally called, were reported as frequenting the district we visited.

Thereafter E. and I called on the Carters, where we talked farming, always a fascinating, if unremunerative, subject.

I dredged up some of the Caraman-Chimay 1937 Veuve Clicquot rosé for dinner tonight, and we celebrated the approaching New Year by bathing delicious fan tail shrimps, frozen then thawed, in this beverage. I did not drink a toast to Mendès-France!

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR

REVIEWED BY CEC DATE 7-1-81

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